

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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No Room!—After Christ was born, and before.

"KEPT IN THE BACKGROUND."

ELIZABETH SWIFT REENGE.

N the steps of the Lenox Lyceum, during the great council in New York, I heard a comrade exclaim, "Kept in the background," in a way that implied that it was not a pleasant position to be in.

But it set me thinking on the way home about the Babe whose birth all the civilized world would soon be celebrating, for it is so plain from Scripture that Jesus Christ, from the time He came into the world, has been "kept in the background," in a way that implied that it was not a pleasant position to be in.

Again, it says of Him that, though He was oppressed and afflicted, "He opened not His mouth." There weren't any newspapers for Him to print the story of His wrongs to, but there were plenty of people to listen. How the peoples would have sympathized with Him, and how the women who afterward fled about His cross would have pitied and consoled with Him; and He might even have

HIDING A SYNAGOGUE,

or at least have got up on the Temple steps on a street corner, and told His troubles to the populace and very likely have gained their sympathies.

But, although He was infallibly certain of being in the right, and that He was doing His Master's will, His sympathies were worn out, even in particular. "He opened not His mouth." Far from parading His wrongs. He did not even whisper them—He kept all His breath in preaching the everlasting Gospel, or in praying, and not a waf of it in trying to let people know how He had been treated. He had no money, and had done nothing, or, in trying to get them. His side was against one else. He had no time to spend in showing up the Pharisees, even to individuals—the world's salvation demanded all the time. He had.

Now, comrades, in writing this, I have not in my mind any distinguished members of Isreal, whatever. I have in view only the relation of my own soul, and that of my fellow-Christians to Jesus, and the question of our individual likeness to Him in this particular position of being "in the background."

Every Salvationist without exception will put in his word that the world, the majority of us must be put in the background by our leaders. The eny pictures without backgrounds are the absurd and unnatural ones of crude nations, who are only babies in civilization.

THE USE OF A BACKGROUND

is to set off the main figure in a picture, and the people who make up the background in the Salvation Army, can make Jesus visible and attractive as well as those in the foreground.

As God our Maker looks at us, what does He note? The men and women who are in the front, who are most pre-eminent in work, and in the eyes of people? His Book says that He looks at the heart, and as He inspects our ranks all round the world, whether we are at the very top, or the bottom, or in the middle, or at the bottom (completely) out of sight in the background, is that of pure spirit-filled heart, the soul and life most like that of Jesus which pleases Him which calls forth His smile, which wins His sweet "Well done!"

Comrade, are you seeking the power which cometh from God? Go to the Book and learn which will bring you peace.

Jesus bore it with meekness and resignation. He only said nothing, but He felt nothing too. "The Prince of Peace cannot be won over by anything but love." If there had been resentment, self-love, self-pride, a desire for self-aggrandizement, and power, and place in His heart, there would indeed have been something for the devil to work on, but that was not.

Therefore, because our beloved Saviour has been persecuted these devils, they have the power to conquer Him, to keep them in ever out of our own hearts. When He spent thirty-three years, "in the background," He brought heaven down there, and there, more than almost anywhere else, the sincere, believing soul can find the heaven of love, and its life and soul—Jesus.

"We think what joy it would have been to share

in their high privileges who came in lesser

swart spleen and temsly gam

To Christ, in Babylonia.

And in that thought we half forgot that He is where ever we ask Him seriously:

Still filling every place
With sweet abounding grace."

—PHOEBE CARY.

*
Isles shall wait
for His law.

Xmas Memories.

With others;
Loving memories of
lyrical days sweep
over me like the light
of that day.

Years ago, when
I was small, it
meant merely a time
of feasting, etc. For
days past, I have
look forward with
fond anticipation of
the coming of the day
to receive, it brought
delight in my heart.

HANG UP MY STOCK-
ING AT NIGHT

and wake up to find it full.
As I grew older, I
left away childish things,
but still looked out
for the day of pleasure.

True, I knew
why this day was
so important, I
had heard and read the
story of the Little
Jesus, the Son of man,
the wise men worshiped,
and at whose birth
there was a great

To me it was a very
pretty story, but that
was not all. It was taken
up with my own desires
and thoughts. There
was no room for Jesus
in my heart; I thought
He was a good man, but
He became my friend.

BLAZED WAS THE CHANGE!

But as the weeks passed away I found that there was still a lit-
erally desire in my heart for the things of the world.

The morning was spent in house much the same as former
years, but there was within my heart a sweet joy, a calm, an am-
azing sense of peace.

After dinner there was a struggle went on in my heart.

There had been a meeting announced for the afternoon, and at the same
time I had a desire to go to the meeting. I wanted to stay at home
which to do was a thing hard for me to decide. I felt in my heart,
as a poor soul, that I must be at the meeting. God helped

me to His will. I went to the meeting, let

MV HEART WAS WITH THE SKATING.

I found out it was possible to have even the desire for the world
completely destroyed, and Christ entered in our hearts. I gave
myself to Jesus, and He made me feel that I was in His love and
to do His own pleasure. God has allowed me to

spend quite a number of Christmas days, and there I have enjoyed

the most have been the ones spent in active service for Him.

EDITH A. CLARK, Hamilton L.

A Christmas Hymn.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Olors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Mirth from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor

An Allegory.

SPIRIT from another world once obtained permission to visit modius earth in human form.

He landed with the first rays of the rising sun and looked around in silent wonderment. The earth lay calm and still, clothed in a mantle of pine white. The air was clear and bright, not a sound disturbed the silent stillness, and the spirit looked and wondered.

Slowly he passed over the snow-clad fields, till at last human habitations became visible. But the snow was fresh fallen, and pure and white, and had not yet been trodden under foot. The streets were white, the houses were white, the trees were white. Everywhere was the same—one pure, glistering whiteness.

On and on the spirit passed.

THE SUN WAS SHINING BRIGHTLY.

People were hurrying to and fro. A feeling of happiness hung over everything, for it was Xmas morning.

Still onward went the spirit visitor, and as he passed by the many houses, he caught sight of blazing fires and happy families gathered around the fireplaces. Now the house is filled by the music of the merry, chattering church bells, for the little ones seem to have caught the general feeling of happiness, and be tumbling over each other and chasing one another up and down in their glee.

The people now are crowding into a large building near, by which the spirit has passed. He enters too. It is a beautiful place, rendered even more so by the golden holy bells and dark green leaves which are twisted about the white pillars, and the banks of lovely flowers which seem crowded into every corner. By and by, sweet sounds of music other than the noisy bells filled the place. Then a voice speaks or reciting of the Christ of Christmas with an angel's message of peace, goodwill to men."

It is over, and the worshippers are leaving the building. But here on the step all huddled up into a corner,

SHIVERING AND STARVING,

closely pressing a thin, sick babe, to her bosom, stands a woman, feebly pleading for just a corner, just a crumb fed over from all the silvery land of gold which these have been spending for their own Xmas meals. But no, they pass on without a look. The Christ of Christmas? Poor, good-for-nothing men! What has he to do with poor people? And as the spirit turns away to him the scene seems less bright, the snow has lost some of its whiteness, the merry bells have a sound of dissonance in their music.

Leaving the crowded streets and the houses, in their wealth and luxury, he enters now a narrow court—almost too narrow for even a snowflake to find an entrance, quite too narrow for the sunbeams to come. Again he wonders why there are no bright fires, no heavenly tablets here. Does anyone, can anyone dwell in such a place as this? He tries to think through the broken past, but can see nothing, and enters at last one of the gloomy dwellings. Can a

"The long expected morn
Has dawned upon the earth:
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing His birth,
Well join the bright seraphic throes,
Well share their joys and swell their songs."
(THOMAS KELLY.)

Through David's city I am led
Here all around are sleeping,
A light directs to you poor shed,
Where lowly watch is keeping:
Lender—ah what glories shine!
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine?
Mesiaha's infant Temple?"
(MONTGOMERY.)

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
East west north and south, let the long
quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the angels
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!

Hark! joining in chorus

The heavens bend o'er us'

The dark night is ending, and dawns has
Rise, Hope of the Ages, arise like the
All speech how to music, all hearts beat
85 One"

(J. G. WHITTIER)

A merrie Christmas to you!

For we serve the Lord with mirth,

And we carol forth glad tidings

Of our holy Saviour's birth,

So we keep the oldde greeting

With its meaning deep and true.

And wish a Merrie Christmas

And a happy New Year to you.

(F.R. HANVERGAL)

this bea-
woman lying
on a heap
of rags
in this
corner, so thin, so cold,
so hungry, almost dead.
Please, where does
the spirit enter, turning
away with the thought,
the Christ of Christmas,

cannot be for such as these.
But one
old man lying
near the other,
a poor bedridden, his wife sat beside
him, struggling with grey hair,

AND THEY ARE TALKING
OF CHRISTMAS,
of the Christians long gone by,
when they were young and could
enter into its merriment, before life
had come to quietude, when their
parents or poverty had proved itself
quite so hard. Then they spoke of
still other Christians,

struggles to keep body and soul together; and yet, through all
of the many little acts of kindness done unto others for the
Christians' sake.

Then they spoke of another Christmas which they hoped
soon to keep together in another land, where they would no
longer fear either poverty or cold. They spoke too of a voice which
would bid them a welcome to that city, and of how people
of these, lay claim to it, and of the best

through the streets, regardless of the misery around; and of those, who,
knowing, would not know and could not help, and how when they should come up to the gates of that same city, the same voice should bid them depart
with the awful words, "Inasmuch as did it not unto one of the least
of these, ye did not unto Me."

And then he turned away, feeling that here in these dreary homes
he could not find a Christ in want and cold, while there in those mansions in
silks and satins, with their superfluity of everything—He was shut out.
Inasmuch as ye did it not.

E. M. H.

And in despair I cast my head,

"There is no peace on earth," I said,

"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!"

"The strong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

—LONGFELLOW.



Father
~ Christmas
TELLS HIS TRUTH.

ONLY come once a year in my travels. I don't know why they call me Father Christmas. Perhaps it is because I am getting old. I fancy I am older than most folks imagine. I go back to the time when the shepherd saw the stars. That was in Bethlehem, when the baby Christ was born. I took my name after Him, but that was not my first birthday. He, the Christ, was born first in heaven long, long before—before the stars were born. It was all planned by the Divine Father then. That is why I say I date so far back.

Then I grew up, tattered with my hair all white with the snows of winter. I feel fresh and young. All angels do, and I am an angel. Sometimes I am sad. Who I see the folly and the wicked ways of men, all done in my name. But I have a secret. He, from Whom I take my name—I am very old. I almost think then that it would be better not to keep up any anniversary, because it almost seems to be a license for sin.

I could tell you many things that would make your hearts glad. I call you all young, because you all seem so young when I think about you. It only seems yesterday when you were

born, and it seems like to-morrow you will die.

THE CREATION.

I was at the creation of the world, and saw all the wonders that were done. Everything was young then and there had not been any sin. But it was all known beforehand, and though we did not know anything about it God was making His plans all ready; and one of His plans was to be born some day in Bethlehem, but we did not know the rest then.

HOW HELL CAME TO BE MADE.

I was at the rebellion in Heaven. I didn't share in it, you would know that of course. It was an awful affair. One of the principal angels became disaffected and used his influence to get up an insurrection. He was seconded, the third party, the stars of Heaven, when God stepped in and crushed it. He folded up the rebellion out of Heaven. That was how hell came to be made. It was an awful sight to see the Son of the Morning fall from Heaven, and the fearful multitude of angels with him. All Heaven stood still and trembled. We all fell down on our faces in fear. It was the only time that we ever entered Heaven. It was all dark. God shut Himself up to Himself and we could not find Him. The stars of Heaven trembled and we thought the universe was coming to an end. It was only the moment. The stars of Heaven again—though in dreadful majesty, but also with a strange subdued halo that we had never seen before. We called it "Mercy." It was then that the birth of Christ was first told us, and what it was for, but we did not understand it very well, and every one of us waited in our hearts for the time to come when it should all come to pass.

WHEN HELL WAS MADE.

I was present when the world was made. That was when the morning stars sang together for joy. It was such a joy to us to see a new world begin with a promise of a new race who would be almost like ourselves, and who we thought would make up for the loss of the stars of Heaven. There had been a shade of sorrow, at least it was not exactly sorrow because we were all suddenly happy because of our gracious King, but there was something that had seemed to linger and interfere with the general happiness. We thought that the gracious God had made a new world so as to take away this shadow from us. We used to love to think so, only we knew it was not for that, but for some other great and mighty purpose; but it worked in so wonderfully all the same. We were never quite sure that the Sun was cast out of Heaven. We all saw things in a new light. We could not think there could be any evil after, but after that we came to view the great I AM with speechless awe, and we should have seen within ourselves but He spoke graciously to us and comforted us and told us to wait and watch the revelations which He would be making.

THE FALL.

I was there when Satan tempted Adam and Eve. I saw it done. And I covered my face in confusion for I knew what would follow when what had taken place in Heaven. Adam and Eve were cast out. I held the shining sword that kept the tree of life. We stood all on the world without. It was here that God graciously showed more of Hisself unto us. We looked for signs and tokens, and perhaps another token of nature. But the harps of Heaven played all unexpected when we looked. A voice sweeter even than music came floating down to us, promising that even this second exhibition of sin should be overruled for good, and that the Great I AM would show to the assembled worlds what was the extent of His love, and He would make known unto them His NEW NAME. We all fell down and worshipped, and all the angels

went for joy, as they heard that our Great King, the Son of the Most High God, was promised to become the means of removing the offence, and making a way back for rebellious man. And His offer was accepted in advance, and we reckoned as though it had all taken place. It was all so full of wonder to us, we could not but adore as never before the Creator and the Redeemer of angels and men.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS DROWNED.

I was present when the world was drowned. It all looked dark and gloomy. The angels stood in amaze at the wickedness of men, the extent to which it had grown. And then the command came to let loose the waters of heaven. I was the one that drew the first bolt from the flood gates and let the water flow out. When the waters rose, we knew it was determined to drown the race. But when we saw the ark, and Noah and his sons enter with the animals, we again fell on our faces before the Throne; for we perceived more the infinite loving kindness of the Lord. We gathered together more of His promises concerning the future. We saw dimly that through this family He proposed to redeem the race, and we fondly thought that the race would all grow righteous.

WE KEPT THE WATERS UP.

I was present when God called Father Abraham, and chose him from among the nations to represent His cause, and be the chosen channel for His grace to flow. And when Moses came, I saw the red sea dried up. That was wonderful! It was not dried up exactly, but the waters all stood up in heaps, while the Israelites passed over. We were drawing up as a body right and left. We kept the waters up. The Israelites could not pass until we sustained them, and when they had passed over, the waters came in a flood and drowned the Egyptians.

There was ever some fresh wonder to occupy our thought. We had a tender regard for Moses. I watched over him when his mother put him in the ark of rushes. I witnessed the burning of the mount, when God spoke in a voice of words, and delivered to Moses the ten eternal commands of God—the laws of Heaven. It was a wondrous sight to see the fire burn up the mountain, and the smoke rise to the sky. It was an intense study to watch the wavering of the children of Israel. Now and again they put away their idols and their unbelief, and then wonders happened; but more often, it was impossible to get them to believe, and they came very near destruction for their unbelief. They ceased to believe God, and then their hearts hardened, and they gave themselves up to awful abominations.

KING DAVID.

I was with beautiful Samuel at the anointing of King David. We sang for joy on the crowning of this shepherd boy as king. It seemed just midway down the ages from the creation of man, and it seemed to us as we looked upward, that a shining light which seemed to grow brighter and brighter until it became perfect. We watched David in all his wanderings, and sorrowed when he sinned. David was a favorite with us, and sometimes we would sing his songs. We watched eagerly the career of his son Solomon, and when he gave himself up to iniquity, even the angels of God cried out and wept. We followed the other kings of Israel and Judah through all their chequered career, and the old sorrow was coming back again. It did seem as though the world was waxing worse and worse, and what little light there was, was gone out.

ELIJAH.

And then Elijah came, and we saw him stand up in face of the prophets of Baal, and openly before them all give glory to the God of Heaven. I had a hand in kindling the fire that burned up their sacrifices; and I had charge of the chariot that carried Elijah to heaven. All Heaven was becoming more and more absorbed in watching the developments on earth; other worlds had not the same attraction for us.

AND ISRAEL.

We welcomed Israhil, and we were entranced by the gracious God to carry to him some of his messages of light and salvation. They brought joy to our own heart. Some of the messages God Himself proclaimed by His Own Voice solemnly to Israhil's soul, and some of the messages were given to us by the prophet. But it was at this time that we began to see more clearly the scope and the fulness of the Divine plan, as it relates to our blessed Master and King. We knew now that He was to be born in Bethlehem, and I was the one that conveyed the news to Israhil. The sufferings which Israhil foretold terribly enough by the way, but for the most part were very dark to us. These things are even hid from angel's eyes, and it was these things that the angels desired to look into more than anything else.

A HIGHER NOTE WAS STRUCK.

From that time a higher, nobler note was struck in our songs. We pitied poor Jeremiah and helped him all we could. We were commissioned to give witness to Ezekiel and strengthen his spirit, so that he had to decline war against his nation. We stood by him when he was cast into Babylon. That was a painful episode in the history of the Jews when they were carried captive to Babylon. And it was all foretold and was made conditional on their returning to Jerusalem when they professed their sins and sought God they would not have been carried away. I remember the case of Daniel in particular. I was the one

that was sent in answer to his prayer, and was withstood twenty-one days on the way by the devil. I could make no headway until God sent another angel to my relief.

THE HOLY NOTE.

I must pass on. There was a long dark night followed, although God kept to Himself a witness all along. And then one day the word came forth from Heaven that the time had come—the fulness of time—the moment to which all the ages past had looked when the Desire of the nations should appear. We were commanded to go into the world, Gospel to earth, and it was here we felt in with the world, and we sang the highest, and the sweetest, and the noblest note known in all the heavenly choir. We sang and the music filled the world. It was everywhere, like incense. I was there in the

manger when the child was born. It was at that moment that the whole heavenly host burst into chorus, and with loud voice ascribed honor and praise to God and the Lamb. We had known that the time was drawing near, but did not know the exact moment till He came; and when Christ was born we hopped round and kissed His little brow, and kissed His feet. He blessed them. He was in His presence and He blessed the earth wherever He walked. He makes heaven. It is His worship. I have carried you back a long way and now want to ask you have you ever knelt low at Jesus' feet, at the feet of the Holy Child Jesus, and given Him your heart as the wise men gave Him their gifts?

Onward and Upward!

BY MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.

Moderato.

Earthward I was looking In my dark despair ; Earthward I was looking

Nought was bright I saw. Upward look ; Upward look Thoughtful

path seems daily dreary Upward look ! Upward look ! Upward look !

2. Upward I am looking For a ray of light ;

Upward I am looking For a heart made white,

4. Onward I am looking Though the wild winds howl.

Upward I am looking For a heart made white,

Through temptations foul.

3. Forward I am looking Thro' my smiles and tears,

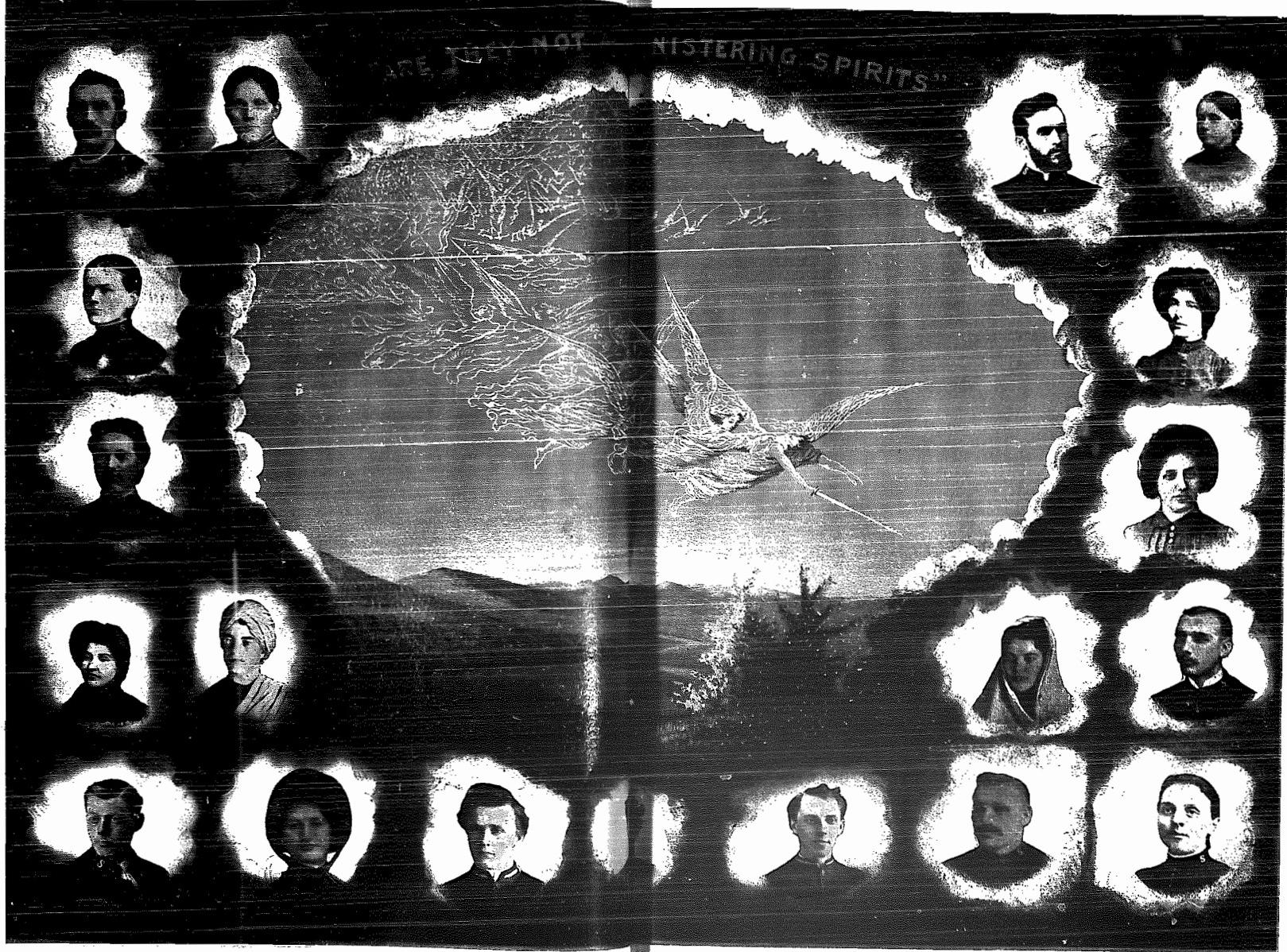
Forward I am looking Gone all doubts and fears.

5. Christward I am looking Galvany's cross to share.

Christward I am looking His image I would bear.

6. Heavenward I am looking For my Lord is there.

Heavenward I am looking Robes of white to wear.



CHRISTIAN HEAVEN.

▲ SONGS FOR CHRISTMASTIDE. ▲

—1—

Glory found a Friend in Jesus, He's everything
to me,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;

The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see,

All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's
my stay,

He tells me every care on Him to roll;

He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and
Morning Star;

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows
borne;

In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;

For all for Jesus forsaken, For all my idols torn

From my heart, and now He keeps me by His
power;

Though all the world forsake me, and Satan
tempt me sore,

Through Jesus I will safely reach the goal.

He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me
here,

While I live by faith and do His blessed will;

A wall of fire about me, I have nothing now to fear,

With His manna, He my hungry soul shall fill;

Then sweeping up to glory, to see His blessed face,

Where rivers of delight shall ever flow.



—2—

Hark! hark! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to their new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful! all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angels host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Blessed as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Emmanuel here.

Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Life and light to all He brings,
Queen with healing in His wings.

Wild His lays His glory by,
Bore that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Sing, I hear of showers of blessing:
Sing, thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.

Pray me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Wiseester of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

I have long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee;
Long had the world my heart been keeping
O forgive, and rescue me—Even me.

Pray me not, Thy lost one bringing:
Send my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me—Even me.



—4—

Rejoice, ye saints, the time draweth near,
When Christ will in the clouds appear
And for His soldiers call.

Trim your lamps and be ready
For the midnight orgy.

The trumpet sounds, the thunder rolls,
The heavens passing as a scroll;
The earth will burn with fire.

Poor sinners then on earth will cry,
(While lightning's flashing from the sky),
"O, mountaine on us fall!"

Yea, sinners then on earth will burn;
In ashes off their bodies turn.
The saints will shout with joy.

Then on a sea of glass shall stand
King Jesus, with His conquering band;
Hisself housed above the fire.

Come, brethren all, and let us try
To warn poor sinners, and to cry,
"Behold the Bridegroom comes!"

Come, buy your oil before too late,
And ready for the Bridegroom wait,
And watch to enter in.

Glory, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay;
A free, full salvation is offered today;
Arise, all ye bond-slaves, awake from your
dreams;

Believe, and the light and the glory shall stream

For the Lion of Judah shall break
every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.

The world will oppose you, and Satan will refe;
To hinder your coming they both will engage;
But Jesus, your Saviour, has conquered for you;
And He will assist you to conquer them too.

Though tough be the fighting, and troubles arise,
There are mansions of glory prepared
for the victors;
A crown and a kingdom you shortly shall see;
The laurels of victory are waiting for you.

When death's shady valley Christ calls
to tread,
At his of glory around you ye'll shed;
His presence shall cheer you at faintly you sing,
And angels to glory shall bear you away.

—6—

Hail the power of Jesus' name!
Hail angels praetrate full;
Ring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Set every kindred, every tribe,
On thy terrestrial ball,
To sing all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye sinners lost, of Adamic's race,
Partakers of the fall;
Come, and be saved by Jesus' grace,
And crown him Lord of all!

Set high-born earaphic tune their lyre,
And as they tune it fall,
Before His face, who formed their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Bring Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Bear the stem of Jesus' rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

OUR TENTH BIRTHDAY!

The * Commandant * and * Mrs. * Booth * will * Visit * London
IN THE NEW YEAR.

PROGRAM :

MONDAY, Jan. 2nd.—Banquet and Reception of the Field Officers at 6 p.m.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3rd and 4th.—Field Officers' Councils of War.

THE WHOLE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE WESTERN ONTARIO DIVISIONS WILL BE PRESENT.

OFFICERS REQUIRING BILLETS SHOULD WRITE TO MAJOR BAUGH, DIVISIONAL HQRS., LONDON, AT ONCE.

FRIDAY, Jan. 6th.—Convention: Subject: "How to Save Souls." Meetings at 10.30, 3 and 7.30.

This is the Place where we do Business.

**DAFFODILS IN THE NORTHWEST
AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

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